



# The Never ending rooms



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## Chapter 1 by Rachel Griffiths

I can't remember anything. No memories, who am I? I sit up and see what seems to be a hospital room, do I have amnesia?

An uneasy feeling grows in the pit in my stomach, I stand up, and feel perfectly fine. But what's stranger is I wasn't in a hospital gown, and had no wires or anything attached to me. I opened the drawers of the room. They were all empty. I start sweating now, and I leave the room, expecting to see the rest of the hospital, but seeing a bedroom that has a rustic feel. then a modern kitchen. then a plane bathroom, I left from the door I came in to see a supermarket, I go through to the outside, only to suddenly be in a cage fifty feet up in a arena, and made of glass, I break out of that to see an eight year old bedroom, half blue and half pink, like you would color for twins sharing a room. The big difference tough, was that a boy was slowly sitting up, confused. I didn't know who he was, but I knew I didn't like him.

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